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RACE IN THE LAND OF LINCOLN

John Cogley

TOWARD A NEW POLITICS

The Great Famine in Ireland • *G. B. Shaw and T. E. Lawrence* • *Paths in Philosophy*
Exchange: "Cuba and the Administration"

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from the February 15th issue

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

Good Cause, Bad Argument

ARGUMENTS, like soup, come in many varieties. Some, the serious kind, have as their purpose the refutation of error or the defense of a position. Others, the obfuscatory kind, have as their main end the confusion of an opponent; if they serve that purpose they are considered successful—it matters little whether they have a substantial point to make. But who can tell one kind from another? No one, we dare say, is likely to call his own argument "obfuscatory." We all present, naturally, only serious cases; or at least we try to convince ourselves that we do.

The cause of these musings is a somewhat curious tactical ploy which some Catholics have seized upon to press the case for federal aid to religious schools. If we have it straight, the argument runs something like this. The main objection to giving federal aid to religious schools is that religion permeates the curriculum; hence, to aid even the public purpose of religious schools is to aid their religious purpose as well. In reply to this, the Catholics in question assert that the Supreme Court in the case of *Torcaso v. Watkins* defined "religion" in such a broad way that it includes Ethical Culture, and Secular Humanism. And so it did. Therefore, since the public schools are permeated with secular humanism, ultimate values and ethical culture, they are permeated with "religion."

The conclusion of this chain of reasoning is said to be apparent: if religious schools cannot qualify for federal aid because of the permeation of religious values, then neither can the public schools. The broader corollary of this conclusion is that there can be no such thing as "neutrality" toward religion; every school curriculum, so far as it touches upon ultimate values, or even on political orthodoxies, has a religious content.

Thus for all practical purposes, religion permeates every curriculum and cannot be used as a criterion to exclude religious schools from receiving aid. The only valid criterion, by contrast, is whether the schools, public or private, serve the public purpose. This is, we confess, an ingenious argument; and all the more so since we agree with the final result. Religious schools do serve the public purpose and, for that reason, should qualify for federal aid.

BUT A GOOD conclusion does not justify a bad argument; and it is, for all its cleverness, a bad one. The trouble lies in the semantic gerrymandering implicit in the argument. If "secular humanism" and "ethical culture" can, so far as the Court is concerned, be called "religion" does it thereby follow that one can find them, *qua religion*, in the public schools? Indeed so—but only under the condition that one begs the question whether an absence of reference to God in a curriculum constitutes "secular humanism" or "ethical culture."

But is the fact of an absence of reference to God sufficient to designate an educational activity "secular humanism"? If "secular humanism" means anything at all it means at least a view of life which metaphysically precludes the existence and governance of a personal God. But the curriculum of the public school implies no such thing; it simply refuses to treat of the problem at all. Moreover, its purpose in doing so is to avoid religious tensions in the schools; this is a very different motive from the one which animates the secular humanist in his attempt to shape ultimate values for himself. There is, in short, both a logical and a real difference between being "neutral" about religion and instilling secular humanism. The aim of the public school is neutrality; to define "neutrality" as practiced by the public schools as "secular humanism" is an indefensible piece of linguistic legislation to serve sectarian ends.

To say this is, however, not to deny that some secular humanists appear to want "neutrality" defined in a way favorable to their beliefs. For what

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has bedeviled so much of the discussion of federal aid is the proneness of all the contending groups to define key concepts in ways which support their own case. So far, it appears to us that Catholics have been far less given to word play than many non-Catholics; but that precarious honor could easily be lost.

What the whole debate still desperately needs is a cessation of the use of debater's tricks; a stop to the construction of elaborate schemes and arguments out of isolated passages in individual court decisions; and a willingness on all sides to come to grips with the kinds of worries felt by each participant in the controversy. Perhaps this is to wish for the moon; but there is no hope otherwise.

Reflections on San José

PRESIDENT KENNEDY's visit to Costa Rica highlighted certain of the changes taking place in Latin America. Hemispheric defense has given way to the need of national defenses against internal subversion. In revolutions from within the danger lies. That explains the importance of the anti-guerrilla training programs which we have been conducting in the Canal Zone. Like the San José conference itself, they constitute an attempt at holding action.

The parley with the Central American Presidents has led to a number of telling criticisms of our Latin-American policy. The unwillingness of wealthy landowners to distribute some of their estates, as called for by the Alliance for Progress, is one reason for the paucity of the results. But, as Charles M. Haar shows in the April *Foreign Affairs*, we have paid far too little attention to the plight of Latin America's swollen cities, where the subversive potentialities are even greater. Likewise we have been counting far too much on moderate, Center, political forces of waning strength to carry out needed reforms. Finally, by propping up doomed economic and political structures, our economic aid has too often postponed real reforms and heightened popular anti-Americanism.

Yet our espousing of social revolution in Latin America would be extremely complicated. The unrest of the destitute masses is unquestionably genuine, as is their determination to overthrow a system which deprives them of even a humanly decent bare subsistence. But, as Cuba has so tragically demonstrated, the Communists have the organization and techniques; it is most likely that they would betray any genuine social revolution. Whatever chance remains of achieving Latin American freedom would appear to lie in coupling efficient internal holding actions with a program of specifically needed industrial, housing, land-reform, communication, health and education projects—extensive enough to comprise in itself a revolution of sorts.

Revamping Foreign Aid

IRRESPONSIBLE demands for cutting foreign aid should be effectively silenced by the recent report of the citizens' commission headed by General Clay. Such a report has been needed, considering the general feeling that the United States has not been "getting its money's worth" out of the foreign assistance program. The danger has been that in the absence of responsible criticism the feeling would mount to wreck the whole program. Now at least that criticism, "based upon the sharp criterion of the program's value to the security of our country and of the free world," is available.

In view of the rather hard basis of the Clay Commission's report, the wonder is that its recommendations are not more harsh. It is on the whole a very temperate, gradualist proposal for lessening United States military and economic burdens in the free and developing world. While its criteria, if they were in effect now, would reduce by $500,000,000 the budget of the Agency for International Development (AID), that is still much less than some proposed cuts. And while the report would justify a cut of one-third in strictly military aid, that would be over a period of some years and only if the present world situation remains.

That there has been a certain amount of wasted effort and money in past programs is the chief criticism the report considers. In view of this it rightly stresses the principal aim of foreign aid as strengthening the will and capacity of a country to remain independent and helping it to move towards political and economic stability.

Although the Clay report stresses the claims for enlightened self-interest, it is solidly behind the continued need for a strong foreign aid program. And while it recognizes the value of such a program in combating Communism, it avoids the common pitfalls of anti-Communism, pointing out that the need for development assistance and United States interest in it would continue "even if the cold war and all our outstanding political differences with the Communists were to be resolved tomorrow." Enemies of foreign aid can also cite the report. But in spite of passages and phrases that may give them comfort, they should not be allowed to obscure the basic fact of the Clay Commission's support of the basic principle of foreign aid.

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Korean Imbroglio

BORDERLINE chaos would be an apt description of the current political situation in South Korea. In the face of that situation there are at least three indictments which demand to be made. The first must, of course, be directed to General Park Chung Hee, the boss of the two-year military junta, for reneging on his promise to restore popular rule to South Korea and for re-suppressing all political activity there. Civilian opposition to his proposal to extend military rule for four years exists, but what chance can it now have?

The second indictment must be addressed to the United States press for paying insufficient attention to the struggle for democratic liberties in South Korea. It is not so much that the military junta has received a "good press" as that South Korea and her problems have received virtually no press at all in recent months.

Third, and most important, President Kennedy and the Administration have kept silence for too long, seeming to cast approval upon the almost intolerable curtailment of freedom in South Korea. Is it too much to hope that they will take a public stand now? In the words of former President Yun Po-Sun, it is of the utmost urgency that they do so immediately.

HERE AND THERE

Toward a New Politics

LESS THAN a year ago, with Hanson Baldwin of the N.Y. *Times*, I placed a wreath against a wall in Auschwitz where hundreds of men and women were summarily executed during the terrible days of Adolf Hitler's rule. Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, my wife and I, then passed through the grim museum which the Polish government has established on the site of the former death camp. We looked in awed silence at the pitiful souvenirs left by the homeless thousands who suffered and died in the dread camp—mountains of broken spectacles, cheap luggage (with name and date of birth bureaucratically stamped on the bags, the only personal trace left on earth of many whose bodies were incinerated in the great ovens), ancient clothing and broken shoes, as well as tons of human hair piled high in a grotesque reliquary.

Before we left, we walked through the narrow streets of the camp, remembering that they were a *via dolorosa* for so many of our contemporaries. We even stopped momentarily at the spot on which, after the liberation, the one-time director of the camp was hanged, in sight of the improbable garden where his children had once played, just outside the gateway to hell.

It was a sobering experience, that pilgrimage, for all these years later, death and destruction and the mood of hatred and revenge still hang over the place like an evil spirit that will not go away.

Some six months before that, in Israel, I stopped at the Holocaust Memorial, a stark reminder, grippingly beautiful in its terrible simplicity, of the millions of European Jews who were sacrificed in the Nazis' search for the Final Solution. Here a single flame burns perpetually to memorialize the anonymous men, women and children whose individual features were destined to be forever blurred in the ghastly records of the Third Reich. In a room below the memorial are kept boxes and boxes of index cards on which the Nazis recorded the raw biographies of their victims. But there is really no vitality behind these shameful statistics—and it is only through the diary of an Anne Frank or the poignant memoirs of a surviving relative that a few of these faceless millions can lose their anonymity and regain once again some spark of personal identity.

These two experiences, both recent, have been haunting me ever since, through the days of the Cuban crisis, the current political arguments that absorb us, and all the meetings and conferences I have attended during the past year where questions of politics and morality have been in the forefront.

The most recent of these conferences involved a number of the men who actually made the fateful decisions for the United States during the Cuban crisis last October. Several of them, addressing the group I was in, outlined brilliantly the actual choices confronting the nation at that time, while others reviewed the deliberations that went into the decisions finally reached. Wisdom and courage, daring mixed with caution, and a full measure of intelligence were called for during those tense days, and, thank God, enough was available to pull us through without disaster. The tightrope walk along the edge of the nuclear precipice was accomplished yet once more.

But, as one of the most responsible and knowledgeable of these men said at the conference, time is working against us and the Soviets, too. The possibility of catastrophe increases almost geometrically, with each new crisis. The actual decision-makers, the shapers of policy and their advisers, then, can not think of decades or centuries. They must be content to work for limited goals to be achieved over short periods. Inescapably, they must be forever concerned with power-balances, political maneuvers, and all the time-tested tricks of statecraft. That is their life.

If survival alone can be counted a great accomplish-

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ment—and when one considers the alternative, it surely should be—the work of such men since 1950 has been highly successful. One no longer looks to them, as to their counterparts in ages past, for total victories or complete triumphs nor does one await unconditional surrender from their opposite numbers in the enemy camp. But, as they will be the first to grant, total defeat, or the war that we all fear, is always a possibility, for, given the nature of nuclear weapons, the war itself rather than its outcome would represent the ultimate defeat of their work.

This may be why the leaders I have been listening to, stop dead in their tracks at the edge of the precipice, even in their most free-floating speculations. For beyond that precipice is the darkness of the pit where knowledge ceases—except for the kind of wooden gamesmanship found in the books of Herman Kahn. "If we fail," the men I have been listening to say, "then *It* will be here—and who can tell what will happen then?"

Let me say for the record that I am unequivocally *for* the men who have to make the decisions that so far have spelled the difference between life and death for us all. I am *for* them by inclination, by temperament, and by conviction. The purism of many of their critics strikes me as ungrateful as well as misguided. The moralism of some of those who make their life difficult by luxuriating in feigned innocence for the desperate situation of the world strikes me as spurious. The self-righteousness of some of those who carry on as if all that were needed to banish the terror was good will or intelligence or some sectarian enlightenment repels me.

Now, having spoken in favor of the men who make the decisions that count, I hope not to be misunderstood in saying what follows.

WHEN, time after time in our meetings, these men finally reached the point of dumbness which followed any reference to the total failure that would be represented by the outbreak of nuclear war, my thoughts have turned involuntarily to that walk through the ghostly streets of Auschwitz and the reproachful flame burning at the Holocaust Memorial. And then, with full insistence, the question has kept arising: Who is there, in our extremity, to speak for Man? We know who speaks for national honor, political prestige, the claims of ideology and the triumph of patriotic ideals. But, once the fatal button is pressed, these things will be gone and the issue will be human destiny—so who is there now to speak for Man? It is not enough to throw up one's hands when the issue is human survival.

Aldous Huxley, who is preoccupied with the balance of nature and the population problem as well as with the possibilities of nuclear disaster, may be one. He has lately begun to talk about "ecological politics" to replace the present centrality of power.

"There may be arguments about the best way of raising wheat in a cold climate or of re-afforesting a denuded mountain," Mr. Huxley writes. "But such arguments never lead to organized slaughter. Organized slaughter is the result of arguments about such questions as the following: Which is the best nation? The best religion? The best political theory? The best form of government? Why are other people so stupid and wicked? Why can't they see how good and intelligent *we* are? Why do they resist our beneficent efforts to bring them under our control and make them like ourselves? . . . Power politics, nationalism, and dogmatic ideology are luxuries that the human race can no longer afford," Mr. Huxley declares flatly, and it is hard to gainsay him.

Perhaps there is just the ghost of a chance that as the perilous condition of mankind becomes more generally recognized, the shift from power politics to the ecological politics Huxley is seeking will come about. He at least is not without hope, for he finds the beginnings of such a shift in the special services of the UN—UNESCO, the Food and Agricultural Organization, the various Technical Aid Services. Up to now these efforts have been peripheral. But "if the problems of humanity could be thought about and acted upon within a frame of reference that has survival for the species, the well-being of individuals, and the actualization of man's desirable potentialities as its coordinates, these peripheral organizations would be central. The subordinate politics of survival would take the place now occupied by the politics of power, ideology, nationalistic idolatry, and unrelieved misery."

When the press announced recently that Pope John had given Khrushchev's son-in-law a letter to take back to the Kremlin, there was widespread speculation about what the letter might contain. I would like to believe that it was not so much a challenge to an enemy as a proposal like Aldous Huxley's. For such a proposal would seem to be in keeping with the character of the Holy Father. Moreover, perhaps the one thing these two world leaders could agree on, despite all their differences in basic beliefs, ideology, and hopes for society, would be the future of mankind—not the nature of man, certainly; nor the destiny of man; nor even the ultimate salvation of man, but merely man's continued existence and prosperity.

Thinking of the earth without mankind is almost impossible. But, the awful silence of Auschwitz last spring was foreboding and remains an obsessive memory—so much so that the incredible is more real now than before I went there. Is it really too much, I ask myself, to hope that the politics of humanity will triumph over the politics of power before the whole world is turned into an Auschwitz? Perhaps. But if there is no such hope, what is there to pray for?

JOHN COGLEY

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Behind the Conflict of Ideologies Is a Conflict of Personalities

A New Soviet Man?

MICHAEL HARRINGTON

ONE OF THE most interesting aspects of the ferment within the Communist world today is human and individual. It emerges when Ilya Ehrenburg enrages the Communist leadership by telling his readers that he (and, by clear implication, Khrushchev and the rest) knew all the while what Stalin was doing and stayed quiet in order to live. Or when Russian students are upset by their Chinese comrades doing organized calisthenics on a vacation beach. Or, most recently, when French Communist students stir the wrath of their Party by announcing that the director Resnais ("Hiroshima, Mon Amour") and Antonioni ("La Notte") have posed important new questions of life and sexual morality.

In other words, behind the conflict of ideologies is a conflict of personalities formed by societies in transition. And one now must ask, is there a "new Soviet man"? The phrase, the "New Soviet Man," was originally one of the most artful lies of the Stalin period in Russia. The idea was taken from the Western revolutionary tradition where it described the possibility of a society of creative, autonomous personalities—of "new" men. In the predictably brutal irony of Stalinist semantics, it was used to describe the happiness imputed to the slaves of totalitarianism.

But now perhaps there is a new Soviet man—and without quotation marks. Is there a different style of life, a different kind of personality, which emerges in this period of Soviet Victorianism, of achieved power? Clearly this question has profound implications for world politics. A change in the Communist psychology could express itself at the negotiating table, and that would be momentous. But it is also a fascinating human issue and it is from this angle that I want to approach the subject.

In what follows, I will write of the new Soviet man somewhat impressionistically and on the basis of a "sample" which is sociologically insignificant but perhaps psychologically revealing. However, these glimpses and intuitions should be set in a larger perspective. So let me sketch a political and analytical preface before going on to some more personal reactions to people.

The changing Russian scene in which the new Soviet man appears could be defined most broadly as an important transformation *within* totalitarianism, but not a basic challenge to it. The new Communist program which Khrushchev offered to the Twenty-Second Congress of the Russian Party was a mélange of utterly vulgar and discredited analysis (the description of contemporary capitalism was written as if nothing had changed since Marx) and glowing political promises. But from time to time reality imposed itself and even the manipulation of dogma revealed certain truths. This was particularly evident in the way in which the Communist theorists handled the role of the Party in the widely hailed transition to a "Communist" society.

STALIN, and after him Khrushchev, were able to traduce the essentially democratic vision of Marx by quotations from Marx, if only because the latter's work is so voluminous. But in his panegyric to the Paris Commune, Marx had made one point so forcibly that even the most clever quotation artist in Moscow could not evade it: that the disappearance of the state and the emergence of direct, immediate popular rule was to be the hallmark of Communist society.

To cite but one instance, Marx believed that under Communism all elected officials should be subject to instantaneous recall by their constituents. Faced with this hallowed tradition, Khrushchev simply ignored it. In the transition to Communism, the Program proclaimed, the Party would decisively lead. Clearly, the people were not ready for democracy, direct or indirect.

This doctrinal point provided a revealing glimpse of the limits of change in Russia. In a society where the means of production are owned by the state, the crucial question is, who owns the state? The people can "own" a state in only one way: through the fullest and most profound democracy, through the ability to impose their will on their state. In Russia, on the contrary, the people are excluded from this kind of participation and the Communist Party owns the state through a total monopoly of political power. As surely as the stock certificate of the Western rich guarantees social and eco-

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nomic privilege, the Party position of the Russian bureaucrat puts him in a class above, and over, the people.

At the Congress, Khrushchev and company made it clear that they are not about to abdicate their political, social and economic privileges. They mapped a reform, not a transformation, of totalitarianism. If they had recognized the independence and autonomy of a single trade union, of a newspaper or a political party, that would be something more than countenancing differences of opinion. It would set up rival centers of power, the possibility of a new, and revolutionary, way of making decisions through democracy. And in a society resting upon a monolithic monopoly, a little bit of democracy, like a little bit of pregnancy, is a very unstable thing.

On the other hand, there is clearly a principle of change in Soviet society. The Party member under Stalin heard the knock on the door at four in the morning and rode to Lubianka prison and beyond. Out of a simple, bureaucratic self-interest, a certain normalization of life was most welcome. Slave labor made economic "sense" when there were no bulldozers; but it is an extraordinarily inefficient form of work in a machine society. The camps were generally abolished. The producers remain under the control of the leaders, but the control is now exercised in a more humane, more "rational" way.

Intellectually, a similar change takes place. During the Terror, the insane years of the post-war Stalin, the brutally enforced aesthetics of a Zhdanov are of a piece with a process which turns the entire society, artists included, into a barracks for totalitarian production. But in the post-Stalin period, the new and educated generation of the post-Stalin young constitutes a real pressure for a certain relaxation in the control of art and philosophy.

This is the context in which I would place these glimpses of some new Soviet men: a Russia of reform within totalitarianism, a more benign anti-humanism.

THE YOUNG man sitting in the New York apartment was around thirty. He was a Soviet professional, highly trained and quite successful. Like almost all of the new Soviet men one hears about or meets, he was a privileged citizen of his society. He had a three-room apartment in Moscow, and he was traveling in America. These are not the customs of the Soviet poor. And, indeed, I suspect that this is the first important point about the new Soviet man: he is not a proletarian or anything like it. His civility, his culture, his flexibility, is a function of social inequality, not of a land of brotherhood. In Thomas Mann's famous social analysis of the generations, Thomas Buddenbrooks' father was a God-fearing and pious man; the son read Schopenhauer. The analogy is rough but workable.

This new Soviet man was amazingly flexible. Why was *Doctor Zhivago* suppressed? Out of a certain bureaucratic reflex, compounded by the fact that the book became a Cold War issue. It would, he continued, probably be published in due course. When will the Soviets begin to admit the true facts about their own history, when will they stop the systematic lying about Bukharin, Trotsky, Radek and the rest? He accepted that the official history was composed of lies and remarked that he hoped they would be able to be honest in the near future. Even now, he said, students in Russia can read the forbidden works if they can demonstrate a scholarly purpose. Can the ordinary Soviet citizen read such books? Of course not.

So the evening went. On every issue which involved style of life, or taste, the young Russian was hopeful and committed to continuing the process of de-Stalinization. On some points, he was most appealing. When he was asked about Communist puritanism in the Soviet Union, it was clear that he was embarrassed by the totalitarian prudery in his home land. He professed many of the official values, yet he was disturbed by the way in which they were so brutally enforced. (A woman pregnant out of wedlock in Russia will receive all of the human understanding that the White Citizen's Council would accord to a Negro in a similar position in the South.)

All in all, the evening was pleasant and civilized and people-to-people until a basic question was raised: what about the possibility of democracy in the Soviet Union? On this count, one had the feeling that there was an utter failure of communication between us. To him, and he made the point with utter sincerity, freedom of political opposition was synonymous with corruption. If civil liberties in the Western sense were introduced into the Soviet Union, it would only be a means of expression for that White Guard, feudal remnant which (miraculously, it seems to me) so successfully survives both purges and progress.

In short, this new Soviet man was a convinced, reasonable totalitarian. He was confident of his anti-democratic system because he could point to its material advances. He was socially pledged to it in that it has given him a better life. But he did not have, like members of

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the older generation who began with a revolutionary idealism and were either murdered or transformed into shamefaced totalitarians, a bad conscience. He was against the terror, but that is a far cry from being in favor of democracy. He was seeking a benevolent, aesthetically sensitive, welfare-state totalitarianism.

Talking to this young Communist in New York, I was struck with the way in which he contrasted with the Polish Communists whom I had met at the Vienna Youth Festival in 1959. At that Communist spectacular, the Iron Curtain delegations were carefully watched and commissarred and, in the case of the Chinese, all but hermetically sealed off from any contact with Viennese *gemütlichkeit*. The Poles were utterly different. They were conscious of their curious, even unique, position in the world Communist movement. They derived their pride and their ideology, not from the successes of totalitarian rulers, but from the vast seething upheaval of October, 1956. As a result, many, if not most, of them were deeply concerned with the problem of democracy. If only the Russians would leave us alone, they said, we would try to build real freedom.

My first impression, then, of the new Soviet generation was that it represented an honest reaction of the socially privileged youth against the excesses, the terrorism, the vulgarity, but not the fundamental principles, of totalitarianism.

THE EXPERIENCE in New York might seem a rather labored case of *ab uno, disce omnes*, of a theory built out of a single conversation. But it accorded so basically with a more public, even officially significant, manifestation of the new Soviet man in Paris this winter that I think it is more than a lonely insight.

Two Soviet poets, Yevtushenko and Vosnessenski, were something of a cross between movie stars and ambassadors when they arrived at the city of light. Both of them packed halls for poetry readings (in Yevtushenko's case, he filled the largest theater in Paris) and provided the Paris press with reams of copy. Their coming was a literary event, but it was also a dramatic political exhibition of the new Soviet man in the Government-approved version. It is this latter aspect which is important to me here.

Yevtushenko is what Central Casting would imagine as the very image of a Russian poet. Handsome in an almost pretty way, self-possessed, theatrical, he was voluble, utterly and engagingly voluble, throughout his stay in Paris. He probably did more to give Communist Russia an appealing aura than ten speeches by Khrushchev on peace and Franco-Soviet friendship. To conceive of an American equivalent, one would have to combine Jack Kerouac and Bobby Kennedy.

It was at a press conference on the *Quai D'Orsay* that Yevtushenko really opened up on politics. This was no private Soviet intellectual sitting in an apartment in New York. For Yevtushenko is, as Joseph Barry of the New York *Post* has called him, a sort of official poet of de-Stalinization. His words were all the more remarkable for that fact. He spoke openly of the miseries of "Stalinism" (to my knowledge, the first time that word has been used by an approved Russian figure instead of the magnificently euphemistic "cult of the personality"). He was emphatic on the fact that one must not talk of the good and bad "sides" of Stalin, that one must basically and fundamentally reject Stalin as at variance with the hopes and ideals of the new generation of Soviet society.

His candor carried over into the realm of art. While he was talking, the factional war over abstract painting was raging in Moscow (and after he returned to Moscow, the conservatives scored a notable victory at the March Party Conference), yet he did not moderate his views. He came out as an enthusiast for a whole litany of "decadent" Western poets. When he was asked about painting, he carefully specified that he not only liked Picasso's "blue" period but his cubism and his experimentation as well. Later, in between poetry readings, he made a public pilgrimage to see the ex-Communist master of modern art. At one point in the press conference, Yevtushenko was even touching: his own talent, he said, might not be too large, but he would be happy if he were only the precursor of a greater Soviet writer to come.

But then, the same moment that occurred in New York happened in Paris. Yevtushenko was asked about changing lines in his poem on Soviet anti-Semitism because of government pressure. Yes, he said, he had made some changes. That was a normal poetic practice. But then, Khrushchev and friends were really interested in art and poetry, and after the Party leader attacked one man, he walked out with his arm around his shoulder. (The credentials of N. S. Khrushchev as an art critic were, needless to say, unspecified.)

As Yevtushenko developed this defense, it became more explicitly anti-democratic. In the West, he said, artists have to change their work, too. He then proceeded to give an incredibly vulgar and false picture of Paris painters executing the Philistine commissions of moneyed American tourists (if anything, during the bull market in Paris art of the fifties, gullible millionaires were bowing before the avant-garde, and rather indiscriminately). Finally, he equated the difficulties and problems of serious art in commercial Western society with the aesthetic rule of the state in the Soviet Union.

When Yevtushenko returned to Russia from Paris in March, he came under Khrushchev's fire on two counts: his supposed ignorance of Russian history in the poem, *Babi Yar;* his remarks in favor of abstract art. The full story behind Khrushchev's March statement is far from clear (one suspects that views on non-representational painting may have more to do with Peking than with

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paint), yet the censures directed against Yevtushenko must be placed in a context. During the conference, according to *Le Monde*, the Secretary of the Central Committee made a sharp distinction between Yevtushenko and Ehrenburg. Yevtushenko, he said, was among those who "have correctly evaluated their deviations," while Ehrenburg and others "continue obstinately to defend their erroneous views."

In any case, the important point here is that from Yevtushenko's position, there is no principled objection to Khrushchev's arrogation of the role of art critic. The poet made clear in Paris, as did the Soviet intellectual in New York, that he accepted and affirmed the role of the state in the realm of the spirit. The new Soviet man, the Russians have now defined, will be allowed a certain limited freedom—and that is all they claim. As long as Yevtushenko "correctly evaluates" his deviations, he can find a place in the changes taking place in Communist society.

Finally, there is André Vosnessenski, a much better poet than Yevtushenko. It is only a guess, but it is quite possible that he represents a most fascinating option of the new generation: disaffiliation. Yevtushenko is a poet of the factions. He writes against Stalin in the same literary style that others used to exalt Stalin. But Vosnessenski in his Paris appearance was something else again. He is a poet, and more concerned with themes of art and love than with politics.

In Paris, Vosnessenski was articulate in his praise of Pasternak (as were Yevtushenko and his wife). And perhaps the ending of *Doctor Zhivago* offers an important clue to the mood of the new generation. *Zhivago* is gone, but remembered. In the nature symbolism which pervades the book, it is no longer the harsh winter of revolutionary construction but the summer of Communist achievement. The past is accepted as a brute fact, but there is a restrained and personal optimism that the future, the future of the private man, is about to begin. Yevtushenko is the new Soviet man as activist, and this embroils him in the Moscow disputes; and perhaps Vosnessenski is the new Soviet man as an unpolitical citizen, as a poet.

AN INTELLECTUAL in New York, two poets in Paris, Poles and Russians in Vienna: these are only glimpses and intuitions. Yet they have an important political significance if they are at all accurate, and it is on this point I would end. On the one hand, the members of the new generation whom the West has been permitted to see are much more reasonable and flexible people than their elders who survived the Stalin terror. This is an optimistic fact in terms of the imperative necessity before the world, that of nuclear disarmament and military disengagement. As they gain ascendancy, and biology is on their side, it is possible that the Russian Communists will more clearly realize that agreement on not blowing up the world is fundamental to their national self-interest.

On the other hand, I think it is important not to be seduced by these genial and flexible ambassadors. As against the older generation, they are a marked improvement, and one wishes them God-speed. But they must not be mistaken as symbols and tokens of a movement toward real freedom in the Soviet Union. They have the adaptability and intelligence of those who inherit power; they represent benevolent repression, but repression nevertheless.

And when one asks, what of the new Soviet man? the real answer is probably out of sight. We can have intimations of the new psychology of the Soviet privileged. But what of the workers, the peasants, the poor, what of those who bore the suffering and the hurt of industrialization and who are still denied the fruit of their own hands? When the history of these new Soviet men—if new they are—is written, then there will be momentous times indeed.

After Pausanias

At Delphi by first light all interleaved,
the climb, the issue
are as a way postlogic to the mind
that excels the body's vision of its find.
Here is the theater of the winsome god
who killed the snake in error and atoned,
himself annexing Pythia, the true
earth's answering center.
(And on that cleft road
fell Laius too, there under unhewn stone.)
The cut branch of the bay tree grown in Tempe
hails the comer.
Youths acted afterwards his cleansed return,
choirs of maidens singing where the fount
pours cold ecstatic verses past the shrine.
The early temple was a hutch of green.
Now roofless out of size the parian square—
in the robbed heroes' defect—is a scene
less plain at last than Greek wastelaying Greek.
Athena Forethought has a station here.
The vatic tripods multiplied and, often,
signs warranting, the woman poet spoke . . .
The cities spent so freely on Apollo,
laureling the killer and the kill.

A dragonfly skates air; like similes
two lovers lie in blankets by the path.
Their voices and the water make a throng.
The doubtful author of such lines as these
on difficult Parnassus thus divines,
in a wild, steep, and natural sanctuary,
all cause, all want.

CAROL JOHNSON

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On the Labor Front

THERE was a time here when articles or editorials on labor pulled mail. People felt strongly, one way or the other. You couldn't be committed enough for the pro-labor people, and there were always, of course, the anti-labor letter-writers. The latter are still with us, if in diminished numbers, but there aren't many pro-labor letter-writers these days.

The change, I am sure, is symptomatic of a larger change that has taken place in American society. In the thirties the labor movement fought against great odds for the rights of the workingman, for better wages, for decent working conditions, for human dignity. Union organizers were men with a cause, and they made the labor movement just about the most dynamic force for social change America ever produced.

Those days had a flavor all their own. They produced their own songs, which were close to being hymns, their own heroes—the glamor still clings to Walter Reuther, almost alone—their own martyrs. But today who knows what the Memorial Day massacre was? Those days are gone, and labor has fallen on hard times. Labor knew how to cope with employers who paid fourteen dollars a week or laid off their senior workers on Christmas Eve, but it has not yet learned how to operate in an affluent society.

In itself it means little that the Executive Council of the AFL-CIO meets in a shiny Miami Beach hotel. Labor leaders have to meet somewhere, the argument goes, and why not in Miami Beach as well as anywhere else? But the whole thing is too symbolic for comfort. There is just too much spiritual distance between the fancy swimming pool of today and the Crusade of the thirties, between the gaudy world of Miami Beach and the down-to-earth reality of the unorganized poor. Last year Michael Harrington's *The Other America* reminded us that millions of Americans still live in bitter poverty; the labor leaders will find precious little at Miami's Americana to remind them.

Labor has already lost a large part of the public support it once enjoyed, and it stands to lose more. Union officials would like to think that this is because unions are doing exactly what they should do—defending their members. A labor leader who works aggressively for his membership is bound to make enemies, they say. There is some truth to the claim, but it is a long way from being the whole story.

Union membership is standing still. The most-often-heard explanation of this is automation, with its increase in hard-to-organize white-collar workers and its decline in blue-collar men, the traditional mainstays of American unionism. Again there is much truth in the point, but it still is not the whole story. America's cities are filling up with the unorganized and unskilled poor. They need help at least as desperately as did Detroit's auto workers in the thirties. Yet organized labor has had little success in reaching these people; indeed, it is the exceptional labor leader who seems to have much concern for them.

Automation is the chief problem labor now faces, and there is no doubt that the problem is simply too big for the unions to cope with it alone. If labor-management-public interest solutions cannot be worked out, labor will come up with alternatives of its own, and many of these will be unpopular. This probably cannot be helped, but labor has made the problem more difficult by restrictive practices and absurd wage scales where these were totally unnecessary. Plumbers who draw $7.50 an hour help promote the do-it-yourself craze, but they do little to improve labor's image with the American public.

Much of labor's decline in prestige dates back to the McClellan committee's inquiry into labor racketeering. The unions were just too slow to move on this point, too insistent on "not washing dirty linen in public." Labor's failure to put its own house in order made too many people suspect its very foundations, and it has been paying a high price for this ever since—in, for example, the increasing difficulties it faces these days in winning union security elections.

There have always been people who were anti-labor, of course. What is notable today is that the number has expanded so greatly and that it has, most significantly, enlarged to include many of the socially aware and normally liberal elements in society. It was once assumed that labor's cause was the socially enlightened cause; that assumption is no longer made, perhaps because labor once too often put its private good before the common weal.

All this sounds as if I make stiff demands on labor. I do. I suspect that the ethics of the labor movement are at least as high as those in the business or professional community. But that is not enough. The labor leader whose vision is no loftier than that of the average businessman or doctor or lawyer ought to get out of the movement.

Organized labor should function as the conscience of an industrial society, speaking for those who would otherwise have no voice and holding aloft for all to see a vision of a society animated by justice. Some unions still do exactly that. But a union which ignores this duty has lost its vocation. It has become just another business, better than some, perhaps, and worse than others, and entitled to exactly that amount of respect, neither less nor more.

JAMES O'GARA

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Race in the Land of Lincoln

JERRY DeMUTH

TO REACH the depressed southern region of Illinois, you travel down U.S. highway 51, a narrow, twisting concrete band with jagged black lines filling its many cracks. The towns—Cobden, Anna, Jonesboro, Millcreek, Elco, Tamms, Sandusky, Unity, Cache, Beech Ridge—were once prosperous coal mining centers. But now most of the mines are closed—and no industry is coming into the area. The people leave, go north to St. Louis, Chicago, Detroit and other big cities, or stay, occasionally working at odd jobs, mostly collecting relief.

Along the highway is Future City, which shows its face to the traveler as a row of strip clubs. Late in the fall, when the geese are flying south, the birds stop nearby and hunters flock to the area to bring down the game as fast as they can fire their guns, until their quota is filled. At night, their pockets bulging with big city money, the hunters fill the strip clubs to gamble in the back rooms and to watch the girls, many of whom come down for the season from Calumet City outside Chicago. At this time the area, or at least the area's syndicate boys, finds a brief prosperity. But the prosperity never reaches back of the highway—to the Negro Community, to those who call Future City rather "The City Without a Future."

Three miles further down the road, set between the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi, is Cairo, pronounced as in Karo of syrup fame. Now a town of 9,300, some 3,500 Negroes, Cairo's former prosperity and greater size are evident in its large business district, which is now mostly empty stores fronted by vacant parking lots. A luggage factory was going to open a plant here in fall of 1961, but the town leaders wanted a dual wage scale—one for whites, a lower one for Negroes. The plant didn't come.

Life for a Negro here is little different from life in Future City. The women can get jobs as maids; the men—"All we can get is boys' jobs at boys' wages," a man explains. Most jobs are closed to Negroes, even jobs for the city and county: "No nigger will ever work for the post office as long as I'm postmaster," the Cairo postmaster stated shortly after he took over. Though Negroes had been mail carriers, one cannot find any Negroes working for the post office now, except as janitors. Yet these barriers of segregation and discrimination are being assaulted as many Negroes from the area, assisted by others and, with an education which surpasses the mayor's fifth-grade schooling, work for their full human rights.

"MARY was stabbed last night." These were the first words I heard when I went to see a college friend and SNCC (Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee) field worker, Jim Peake, while I was passing through Carbondale, site of Southern Illinois University and the only growing town in southern Illinois.

"It was in front of Mack's," my friend continued. Mack's Bar B-Q was the only restaurant that had not integrated since the sit-ins began one week before. "I'm not prejudiced," said Mack's manager James Cox, who once turned a fire hose on demonstrators. "I got forty-seven Negroes working for me in my laundry. But they're not like you." (A couple of weeks later, however, those forty-seven were no longer working in the laundry; they were on strike. And though Cox was without Negroes in his laundry, there were Negroes in his restaurant. Mack's had finally integrated.)

"There was a mob outside and when we left they followed us to our cars," I was told. "Mary was in the rear seeing to it that everyone was getting in the cars when this guy who was at the head of the mob ran up from behind and stabbed her." Jim turned on the radio. A singing station break had just ended. We listened during the newscast for any mention of Cairo and so did everyone else in the room. Even though not all were directly connected with the movement, they were still very much concerned. It was a part of their lives, their lives in the Land of Lincoln, their lives in the Land of the Free.

Then the phone rang. It was the Associated Press. "Yes, a girl was stabbed last night," Jim explained. "Mary McCullom. She's a field representative for SNCC. . . . Well, if you don't believe me, I can show you the wound myself. I'll be at the AME Church in Cairo at 12:30. You have a reporter there and I'll show him the wound."

Jim had left his car in Cairo and I drove him those fifty-five miles through the "Little Egypt" section of the state, a section that tried to secede from the Union

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and join the South in the Civil War. "Up ahead on the right is the Roller Bowl," Jim said. "We're starting to work on that now. Thistlewood wants ten dollars admission from us." William Thistlewood, the skating rink owner had claimed that because of his insurance policy he had to charge "inexperienced" skaters ten dollars. He said that once a person proved his ability, he would refund the extra nine-fifty.

In the outskirts of Cairo itself small restaurants and drive-ins dotted the sides of the highway, and soon small homes filled the empty areas between the cafes. We passed Mack's and the swimming pool and entered the main section of the town. We turned right on 17th street—a block of small homes, many with siding, and then blocks of old, weathered, frame houses, some one story, others two or three, but all browned from decades of exposure. They looked as though they had never been painted.

I parked the car on 17th street, half a block from the main street. We were at Ward's Chapel, the AME Church which was headquarters for the Cairo Nonviolent Freedom Committee. Reverend Blaine Ramsey, Jr., the pastor and Cairo NAACP president, was part of the backbone of the integration movement.

"People in the North are dissatisfied with hypocrisy and pseudo-democracy," Reverend Ramsey has claimed. "The demonstrations have pushed the problems into the open. Negroes here have learned the techniques and gained the courage to carry through." Pushing into the open the problems Negroes have to face in Cairo disrupts the exploitive and degrading white rule. And the whites don't like to be nudged out of their comfortable position.

"Racial intolerance is not needed in Cairo," Peyton Berbling, the president of the Cairo Chamber of Commerce, said in reference to the movement. "The ill-advised and militant activities of this small integrationist group . . . and the ill-will and racial intolerance they have fomented and encouraged will be with us a long time."

AFTER A FEW hours at the old, dark red brick church, I left Jim and Cairo for other commitments. When I returned, four weeks later, the town may have looked the same, but the feeling was different. The Negro community was not only supporting the movement, but becoming deeply involved in it. And the teenagers in the movement had more enthusiasm and determination.

All the restaurants were now integrated and they were not going to stop at this point. The Roller Bowl and swimming pool were going to be next. "Freedom. Give us freedom." The words, sung to the tune of *Day-O*, penetrated the neighborhood: "Freedom's coming and it won't be long."

About twenty youths were gathered in the church basement, discussing plans for the evening demonstration. After a lull over the weekend, a period of relaxation from the pressures of the preceding week's activities, the movement was again displaying its energy as it began a new week—morning and evening meetings and nonviolent workshops, afternoon and night demonstrations at the swimming pool and Roller Bowl.

More persons drifted into the building as leaders tried to find enough cars. Almost an hour after the first persons had arrived at the church, a line of six cars pulled away, slowly drove to highway 51 and then carefully made its way northward to the Roller Bowl, some four miles away.

Three state police cars, one of them unmarked, were parked at the intersection about a thousand feet south of the rink. Would they be needed? And if needed, would they help? I looked toward the left, to the other side of the road. Three rows of cars completely filled the parking lot in front of T-Wood's Roller Bowl and another two rows filled the side lot. More cars filled the lot at a nearby restaurant. Following the car in front, we went into the drive. Suddenly people were all around, yelling, screaming, making faces, waving arms, shaking fists.

"We don't want no niggers here." "Get outa here." "Keep going"—seventy-five angry whites and more inside. The car in front rolled onto the drive of the theater next door and we followed. The drive led back to the highway and we turned back south, to find a place to park and discuss plans. The state police were no longer there. All three cars had disappeared. After meeting at a nearby train station, we decided to park our cars at the restaurant at the intersection. From there we walked in single file to the Roller Bowl.

The mob was inside now, meeting with the others, and a "Closed" sign was on the door. Thistlewood and the sheriff were there to explain that the Roller Bowl was closed for a private meeting. The rink frequently was used for private meetings and closed to the public. At other times it was closed without explanation or advance warning. If word did go out via some grapevine, it was an all-white grapevine.

We left in low spirits, but the next morning spirits were higher than ever. Illinois Attorney General William G. Clark had said the swimming pool was public: The pool had been built with WPA funds and its charter declared it was "for the physical, mental and moral im-

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provement of the citizens of Cairo and vicinity." Attorney General Clark had cited the charter as the basis for his opinion.

"That's just the Attorney General's opinion," Cairo Police Chief Jones, falling back on his fifth-grade education, commented. "He's entitled to his opinion just as I'm entitled to mine and you're entitled to yours."

The integration of the restaurants had started to change the structure of Cairo. The whites had lost ground. This decision could result in the beginning of a retreat. They had been on the defensive and now would have to take the offensive if they hoped to preserve their exploitive rule. And they certainly were going to take the offensive.

SHORTLY after hearing about the pool that Wednesday morning, we heard about the meeting at the Roller Bowl. It had been a meeting to reorganize the Cairo White Citizens Committee. I remembered the door of the Roller Bowl. The sign, boldly proclaiming "Closed," had been stuck to the door with an ice pick.

The president of the Committee and operator of a Cairo pool room, Fred Sullivan, said the group's purpose was to "see that the rights of white persons in Cairo are protected." Sullivan didn't explain what he considered those rights to be. He did, however, note, "Some of my friends are Negroes."

At noon, thirty of us held a prayer vigil in front of City Hall to register protest against the situation in Albany, Georgia as well as that in Cairo. After lunch and a brief meeting we went to the swimming pool, hoping this time to be able to gain admittance. By the time we arrived, the *Cairo Evening Citizen* was out with the story of the Attorney General's opinion on page one.

An ever-growing crowd of whites was waiting for us when we arrived. The Cairo police were there directing the heavy traffic caused by the influx, and the swimming pool manager stood behind a table in the pool's entranceway holding up the sign which had previously lain flat on the table: "Private Pool, Members Only."

"I say let them go swimming," a white yelled. "Them niggers got feathers just like ducks. The ducks swim in the river so let them niggers swim in the river too." He meant the Ohio River, the only place where Negroes could go to swim, but the place where youths also drowned every summer.

We went to the Roller Bowl again that night but it was closed, as it was also the next night. It was open on Friday night, except that the entrance was guarded by forty defiant whites. After a brief witness, everyone returned to Ward's Chapel. (The swimming pool remained closed to Negroes.)

Two weeks later, with no change in the situation having taken place, two hundred and fifty whites were waiting at the Roller Bowl. Some of these were going to hurl more than words. As the line of demonstrators approached the entrance, Charles Koen, the sixteen-year-old leader of the Cairo Nonviolent Freedom Committee who was at the head of the line, was clubbed by one of the twenty-five whites who stood outside. With this signal, whites poured from the rink and joined the others outside. About thirty whites attacked with fists, clubs and tire chains. Ten Negroes were chased on foot up the highway, gunshots ringing out behind them.

After being prodded by Reverend Ramsey and other movement members, police dispersed the crowd and arrested four whites. The four were released on five hundred dollars bond, posted by the rink owner and White Citizens Committee host, William Thistlewood.

Earlier in the afternoon of that same day, eight Negro youths were tried in court, convicted and fined thirty-five dollars each for demonstrating at the swimming pool, where their legal right of admission was denied. While the trial was in progress, Willie Taylor, ten-year-old son of one of the women in court, drowned in the Ohio River where he was swimming.

The Roller Bowl and swimming pool closed, the swimming pool for "filter trouble," an early end to the season. The Roller Bowl reopened and on September 6, almost three weeks later, admitted two Negro couples. Roller skating rinks are specifically mentioned in the Illinois public accommodations statute and Thistlewood was in the middle of fighting a case through the courts, on Fourteenth Amendment grounds. But now, without awaiting the outcome of the case, Thistlewood had finally integrated his skating rink.

Then on Wednesday, September 26, a twenty-day-old ordinance regulating "parades," which left interpretation up to the police, was used for the first time and twenty-eight demonstrators who had marched in downtown Cairo were arrested. When a number gathered in front of the City Hall the next night to protest the arrests, police used tear gas to disperse the group and arrested some more demonstrators. The NAACP then sought an injunction against the ordinance and further demonstrations were canceled temporarily.

But all that is being done now by whites is only hedging, only temporary stop-gap action made on the run to slow down the movement toward freedom and dignity that is advancing in Cairo, Illinois. And as that movement advances there, in the "city where southern hospitality meets northern industry," freedom and dignity will assert itself in both the North and South.

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THE STAGE

Comics, Comics

LONG BEFORE the curtain goes up on Jack Benny's show at the Ziegfeld an atmosphere of good-will, classy leisure and amiable self-indulgence begins to emanate from the well-heeled early arrivals. By the time he steps out on the stage, after a preliminary (and rather impressive) juggling act by a team called the Half Brothers, the air is solid with anticipated pleasure. It is of the kind we experience at the prospect of being able to go back to bed on a rainy Saturday morning; everything is going to be warm, predictable and familiar, nothing untoward has the slightest chance of happening.

Benny enters. He stands with arms folded, head cocked to the side and lips pursed, saying nothing while the waves of affection, as for a favorite uncle who has hitherto been known, however, only through letters and photographs, come rolling up from the aisles. Then: "I look much younger then on television, right?" and the catered affair is off and swinging. Well, not swinging, gently undulating, like a rowboat in Central Park. The jokes about his age, his niggardliness, his romantic proclivities and his musical genius succeed one another like worn but for that reason comforting anecdotes at a family gathering.

He calls for his violin and it is thrown from the wings to land clatteringly at his feet. At intermission he strolls across the stage in a white jacket and carrying a sign reading "Lemonade, 50c (crossed out) 35c." And the funniest moment of the evening comes when he reinforces his own legend by calling on a greater wit than himself. "I'm not a stand-up comedian," he announces, "I can't do without my writers. Fred Allen once said that I 'couldn't ad lib a belch after a Hungarian dinner.'"

The show also includes, besides the jugglers, the songs of Jane Morgan, who grows glossier and more artificial every year, and a group called Clara Ward and the Ward Singers whose ear-splitting spirituals and vivid capers are anything but glossy. But the evening belongs to Benny and it is all extremely reassuring.

GERTRUDE BERG is almost as much an institution as Benny, and the response to her is quite of the same kind. She is being presented to us in a play at the moment, but that of course is only a pretext; she is really the mother of us all and we are happiest when we are in her kitchen or living room. Leonard Spigelgass, a playwright with better qualifications as an architect, has designed for Miss Berg a really spacious suburban living room called "Dear Me, the Sky is Falling." Things happen there that should only happen to us: a successful psychoanalysis, a successful engagement, a successful resolution of the problem of meddling parents. But of course it does happen to us; the only suffering comes when we have to get up from our seats and go back to that life where all isn't delicious chicken soup, daddy practicing golf putts on the carpet and a maternal breast big enough to cradle existentialism, the problem of communication and the national debt. (*At the Music Box*)

ALAN ARKIN is no sort of institution as yet, but this young graduate of the Second City troupe is an immensely funny fellow who will be turned into a comic Statue of Liberty soon enough. After the raves for his performance in Joseph's Stein's "Enter Laughing" the management rushed to give him star billing, putting his name up in lights and tripling its size in the program. The move was a canny one, because outside of Arkin there is literally nothing to sell, at least if you don't want to risk peddling Sylvia Sidney and Alan Mowbray to aging and nostalgic movie lovers. Stein's comedy about a stage-struck apprentice in a tiny sewing-machine repair shop is forever bogging down in coy social commentary (the time is the thirties) or sentimental epiphanies of young love or domestic pseudo-traumas or Jewish folksiness. But Arkin's goofy presence, like that of a beatnik chipmunk or a sweatshirt learning to dance, continually snatches the evening from the playwright's inept grasp. (*At the Henry Miller*)

TWO MORE notes. The first is that an all-star production of Shaw's "Too True to be Good" is on view at the 54th Street Theater, and that if you don't mind a version which cuts almost everything verbally interesting out of this late, rather makeshift and inelegant work, substituting for it a non-stop line of physical vivacity and some charming performances by Robert Preston, Glynis Johns and Cyril Ritchard—you could do worse than attend it.

The second is that the real comic event of the season, the Actors Studio production of Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude," has just taken place. Because of my other commitments and because I have not yet obtained a proper perspective on this astonishing debacle, I reserve comment for next week. RICHARD GILMAN

THE SCREEN

Westward Ho!

AUDIENCES who like their movies big, spectacular, full of adventure and excitement, sound and fury, should find "How the West Was Won" right up their alley. Made as it is in the three-camera Cinerama pro-

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cess and displayed in all its Technicolor glory on an enormous curved screen, the picture is at its best when it shows the wide-open spaces: the Ohio River Valley, the hills and plains of South Dakota, the Colorado Rockies, Monument Valley in Arizona-Utah. And in its awesome action episodes with its characters racing down a rapids on a raft, or being attacked in covered wagons by whooping Indians, or getting out of the way of a buffalo stampede, or shooting it out against bandits on a runaway train—then Cinerama justifies itself and the widescreen actually yanks its viewers into the thrills. Any minute you expect to have a buffalo or Indian or bandit right in your lap.

But if audiences expect a little mental stimulus in their movies, they are likely to find "West" wanting. Its script, written by James R. Webb and inspired by a series of articles in *Life* magazine, is only a shade better than last year's effort at Cinerama-with-a-plot, "The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm." Starting in 1839 on the Erie Canal, it tells a fifty-year saga of three generations of the pioneering Prescott family and their traveling companions on the westward move. As history, it is a once-over-lightly. As a plotted story, it is a rambling affair—a two-and-a-half-hour synopsis with a few homey effects and plenty of elaborate pageantry.

Naturally, during the course of the five parts of this nineteenth-century epic, a lot of stars, co-stars, extras, and animals turn up. In the first part (directed by Henry Hathaway) after Pa and Ma Prescott (Karl Malden, Agnes Morehead) drowned in a terrifying rapids scene, one of their daughters (Carroll Baker), who has a yen for trapper-explorer James Stewart, persuades him to settle down, farm the rich Ohio land, and raise a family. In part two (also directed by Hathaway), the other Prescott daughter (Debbie Reynolds), now a dance-hall girl in St. Louis, restlessly sets out in a wagon train for California where she has inherited a gold mine. On the way, she is courted by wagon-master Robert Preston, who owns a large ranch and wants to raise a flock of kids, and by tinhorn gambler Gregory Peck, who is mainly interested in her mine. More exciting than the romantic stuff is the Indian attack with plenty of yelling Cheyennes and flying arrows.

Part three (directed by John Ford) goes off on a tangent—unless one considers the Civil War's bloody battle of Shiloh as part of the winning of the West. Carroll Baker, now a widow on her Ohio farm and looking much younger than her son (George Peppard), allows the boy to join the Ohio Volunteers. The battle scenes and gory aftermath are by no means sentimentalized—although the episode in which Peppard saves Generals Sherman (John Wayne) and Grant (Henry Morgan) from the bullets of a Confederate deserter (Russ Tamblyn) probably is.

In part four (directed by George Marshall), Peppard, a cavalry lieutenant in charge of protecting railroad workers from Indians in the late 1860's, gets sound advice from buffalo hunter Henry Fonda, but is greatly disillusioned about the white man's methods for winning the West when the railroad boss (Richard Widmark) gives the Indians a raw deal. They retaliate by stampeding the buffaloes through the railroad settlement in what may well be the most exciting scene ever to be seen and heard (through the seven-channel stereophonic system) in a motion picture theater. The fifth and final part of "West" (directed by Hathaway again) is somewhat of a let-down, although it does have that thrilling gun battle between Peppard with his cohorts and bandit Eli Wallach with his—all on a runaway train that blows up at the end. The film more or less blows up at the finale too. Debbie Reynolds is hardly convincing as Peppard's aged aunt. And the last shots showing the West today are not reassuring, especially when the airborne cameras ironically concentrate on the Los Angeles Freeways with all their frightening architectural perfection. Has the elephant delivered a mouse? For all its Cinerama photography and magnificent action sequences, "How the West Was Won" doesn't tell us as much about how the West was won as do earlier films like "Shane," "The Gunfighter," or "Stagecoach."

PERHAPS of greater historical interest is "30 Years of Fun," a compilation of old film clips from 1895 to 1925, gathered by Robert Youngson. Although this potpourri is not as funny as producer-writer Youngson's last collection, "Days of Thrills and Laughter," it has its hilarious moments. And it also has some historical and biographical footage that is invaluable: the shots of Teddy Roosevelt and his Rough Riders, the Wright Brothers, old New York, the San Francisco quake and fire, World War I army camps and bond rallies, and lastly the social comment of the scenes of the Jazz Age and prosperous twenties. Along with these factual scenes are some delightful snatches from the hey-day of comedy—with Chaplin, Keaton, Snub Pollard, Charlie Chase, Langdon, Laurel and Hardy, and others. Some of this isn't as amusing as Youngson thinks, but all of it deserves seeing by movie fans, historians, and everyone else.

NO DOUBT in years to come Danny Kaye will be included in such a collection of great comedians. I'm afraid, however, his latest picture, "The Man from the Diners' Club," will not be one of the leading items in an anthology. Kaye has his big scenes, and he's wonderful in them, as when he battles an enormous IBM machine, or strays to a beatnik party, or leads the villains on a merry chase through a health gym. But unfortunately the movie has a plot, and director Frank Tashlin pays too much attention to it. Kaye fans probably won't mind the story; when their idol is on the screen, he sparkles, and then so does the picture. PHILIP T. HARTUNG

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"Cuba and the Administration"

Princeton, N.J.

TO THE EDITORS: I am generally an admirer of Mr. William Shannon's writing in your magazine, but I should like to offer some objection to his column on Cuba in your issue of 1 March. I think that his reasoning is too simple both as it affects our present Cuban policy, and our past China policy; it seems to suggest that we let slip a solution that was in our grasp. If we had intervened in China in 1948-49, Communist expansion could have been checked; but how? How could we have "stabilized the division between Communist and Nationalist China"? On the line of the Yellow River? or the Yangtse? or the 32nd parallel? It would be interesting to know where the line would be drawn and how it would be maintained. Had we intervened in Cuba, we would not be worrying about a Soviet military base ninety miles off our shore—any more, it might be added, than the Russians had to worry about a NATO base in Hungary after October 1956. We might find, however, that such a "technical violation of Cuba's sovereignty" (what is "technical" about it, incidentally?) would give us other and ultimately more serious points to worry about.

It is well indeed to remember, as Mr. Shannon reminds us, that Castro came to power through military force, and continues to rule by it. But where did he get the military force originally? Not from the Communist bloc, certainly; he built it himself and we must remember that whatever class "made" the revolution, it was made by Cubans. And while it is true that raising living standards in northeast Brazil may not affect Soviet arms in Cuba, it may have a tremendous effect on future Soviet arms in Brazil. In this sense the Alliance for Progress could be an answer to Castro; if it can be made to work, Castro will find himself isolated, and faced with a new situation with which he will have to come to terms.

I am not condemning this sort of wishful thinking about recent history as too "iffy"; I am complaining because Mr. Shannon, like the spokesmen of both our parties, does not exhaust the list of possible ifs. How did we get into our present mess? Mr. Shannon asks, and the answer seems to be because we did not "liberate" Cuba, as we did not "stabilize" China in 1949. But how did Cuba ever find itself "enslaved"? Are we in any way responsible for mishandling the revolution? I am not suggesting that we drove a friendly Castro away from Washington into the arms of Moscow, but simply wondering if there was a point at which—under Eisenhower or Kennedy—we could have reached a *modus vivendi* with Cuba, which would have saved us from embarrassment, saved the Cubans from their present plight, and saved the world from last October's crisis. Harry Truman, who is no advocate of a soft line towards Havana, appears to think (in his newspaper article of 24 February) that this could have been done. Could something be done now to put our relations with Cuba on a regular basis? Perhaps not—the image of evil Uncle Sam is obviously valuable to Castro, and the image of Fidel the Red Tyrant and puppet of the Kremlin is obviously valuable to the anti-administration forces in this country.

But (to quote Mr. Shannon again) if Western civilization is to be saved, it will be up to us to do most of the saving; and this is probably true if any civilization is to be saved. This means above all behaving in a responsible fashion, and the duty to do so is even more pressing when the other side behaves irresponsibly, as both Khrushchev and Castro did last fall in moving missiles into Cuba. Bluster from Marshal Malinovsky cannot simply be met by a policy of counterbluster, as Sen. Thurmond and the Washington warhawks seem to suppose. It may be tempting to think that a quick operation performed by the Marines (after all, the CIA muffed their chance) would solve our problems. But would it? or would we land in hotter water than we are in now? There is another question which is seldom asked: how could we justify such a move morally? or how could we justify it in terms of our national tradition, real or imagined?

It is indeed a tragedy that Mr. Kennedy seems to be unable to prevent his opponents from capitalizing, in a blatantly cynical fashion, on the national feeling of frustration over Cuba; but it is unnecessary to suppose that their remedy could work now or could have worked a year ago. Do we really have no alternative? or might it yet be possible to resume relations with Cuba? Such a move would have as its object not the one of allowing Castro to strengthen his police state, but rather to remove one of the reasons which he uses to justify his dictatorship. This may be impossible, for Castro certainly shows little willingness to come to terms with us, but there is little evidence to suggest that, since it came to power, the Kennedy Administration has seriously examined this as a course of action. NICHOLAS R. CLIFFORD

Toronto, Canada

TO THE EDITORS: I quite agree with Wm. V. Shannon ["Cuba and the Administration," March 1] that "Kennedy, having made the basic decision not to liber-

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ate Cuba by military force, now has no policy except to hope that somehow time and events will cause the Castro regime to disappear." I agree, moreover, that this is a blind alley, that it leads nowhere, that it betrays a paralysis of will and a demoralization of American foreign policy. What I find distressingly objectionable is Mr. Shannon's assumption that what supremely matters in the world's political life today is the survival of Western civilization (which, in turn, he identifies with the security of the United States to the same degree that it is "up to us to do the saving") in its "life-and-death struggle with the Communist bloc." Not illogically, Mr. Shannon measures the rectitude of international policies by the standard whether or not they advance or retard American preponderance. Hence his arrogant reference to "the loss of the mainland of Asia and of an island right off our shores." What makes Mr. Shannon think that China and Cuba were, in the first place, America's to lose or retain?

Perhaps it is this sort of insufferable chauvinism that leads Mr. Shannon in the face of all the available evidence to believe that Castro "now rules by military force." This was but wishful thinking in April, 1961: it is but wishful thinking today. One need not defend Castro's intolerance of minority rights, nor the idea of a dictatorship of the proletariat tyrannizing over their former tyrants in order to grant the fact that Castro still rules Cuba on behalf and with the consent of that majority of the Cuban people who make up the lower socio-economic classes. If the United States is so anxious to "liberate" the oppressed let it "liberate" the Russian people in the first place: or does Mr. Shannon's misinformation extend to the belief that the mass of Russians is eagerly awaiting American troops to come and rescue them from slavery?

But whether or not Mr. Shannon's misinformation is due to his prejudices or vice versa, one cannot read without any shock his reference to an invasion of Cuba by the United States as "a technical violation of Cuba's sovereignty": the fact is that such an action would be nothing but naked aggressive war against the Cuban people of exactly the same damnable sort that Hitler perpetrated on Poland in 1939, and it would take the same un-conscience of the Nazis to see it otherwise. These are strong words, and I mean not to offend, but to arouse. But when concern for national security reaches the neurotic and immoral stage at which the very existence of, for instance, a fully independent, self-determined Cuba, becomes a threat to be disposed of, it is time that the United States was reminded that it is not above committing the same sort of collective political sin that other nations have committed before. One cannot remember, for instance, Hitler's objections to Austria's fortifications of her frontiers with Germany as revealing an aggressive purpose, and fail to note their similarity to the American objections to Cuba's military preparations. Can the United States show a single, solitary reason why Cuba should trust the peaceful intentions of the United States?

Let me make clear, however, that I refuse to believe that the majority of the American people have, as of today, actually adopted the same principle as the Nazis: to identify the good of their group with the good of mankind. I can only believe that Washington does not accurately reflect the United States or the American press the opinion of the American people. American Catholics most particularly will surely find in their natural inclination to Universalism and in their natural distaste for caesaro-papism the motives for proposing, in all duty to the very good of their own country, the obvious alternative to Mr. Shannon's disjunction of either aggression or paralysis: let the United States admit (first of all to itself and then abroad) its mistakes and its injustices towards the Cuban revolution. Then let it accept Castro's repeated offers to negotiate on a footing of equality in dignity, and from a position of mutual respect; let it offer, I do not say to sponsor Cuba's social revolution, but to respect it by leaving it alone instead of continuing its desultory game of sabotage, subversion and harassment; and, finally, let the United States open up free trade with Cuba on the basis of mutual advantage and interest, so that Cuba's independence from both Russia and the United States be allowed to increase.

The policy of two American Governments has preferred even a Communist Cuba over a genuinely independent Cuba. Will American Catholics continue to conspire in this iniquity? Will they, too, continue to measure right and wrong by the standard whether any event may be desired by and advantageous to Communism? I do not know the answer: I very much fear it is yes, though I hope against hope that such instances as Father George Dunne's recent statement on the matter, however weak, presage the awakening of a dulled American Catholic conscience. In any event, if American Catholics so conspire, their guilt will be not as great, but greater, than that of their fellow citizens who may have fewer moral and supernatural talents. All I

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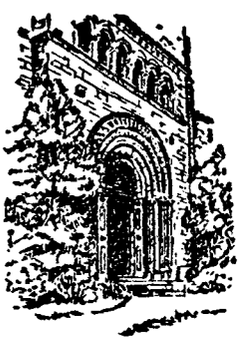

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want to set straight for the record is that whatever they do they shall do freely, as once the German people did, and that their responsibility in the matter is perhaps rather greater than that of any other group in the United States.

LESLIE DEWART

The Author Replies

Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITORS: I can see now that in my March 1 report I should have limited myself to Cuba. That is a sufficiently complex subject to discuss in 1100 words without adding China, too. I can only say to Mr. Clifford that if we had intervened in China in 1948, it is impossible to say where we would have been able to stabilize the line between Nationalist China and Communist China, just as it was impossible when we went into Korea in 1950 to forecast the truce line of 1953 and is impossible to forecast today how years of ragged, inconclusive fighting in Viet Nam will ever end. My point, fundamentally, is that Red China is a militant, expanding aggressor that does not want to coexist peacefully (as India has now discovered) and that can only be checked by counter-military force. We would have been better advised to block this aggressor on its own home grounds fifteen years ago rather than spend men and resources trying to contain it under less favorable military circumstances in Korea, Southeast Asia, and India.

As for Cuba, Mr. Clifford asks if we missed an opportunity to reach a *modus vivendi* with Castro, and the answer to his question is, no. It is simply not possible to be friends with a man who is determined to be an enemy.

My disagreement with Mr. Dewart is so profound that I doubt any brief comment of mine can bridge it. My attitude toward the cold war has nothing to do with "chauvinism." I am trying to defend the whole religious, philosophical, and cultural heritage that comprises what we call, broadly speaking, the tradition of the West. If the United States did not exist, and I were living in Canada, or Greece, or Australia, I would still take the same position—as many sensible citizens of those countries do.

A final word: I deliberately described an American-sponsored invasion of Cuba as a "technical" violation of Cuban sovereignty. My assumption was that any invasion would have been preceded or accompanied by U.S. diplomatic recognition of a Cuban government-in-exile. Since Castro came to power by military force and never held elections, his claim to legitimacy is that of a successful revolutionary. But his former colleagues in the first stage of the revolutionary government, men such as Miro Cardona and Manuel Ray, could properly argue that he has betrayed the revolution and that they are its legitimate defenders.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

Correction

New York, N.Y.

TO THE EDITORS: I regret very much a misprint in my article, "Public Schools and the Catholic" [Jan. 25]. Page six of my typed manuscript read: "On the West Side, however, integration in the parochial schools is *not* negated by the use of intra-mural segregation. . . ."

I am very sorry that the word *now* crept into the place of *not*.

My point was that the parochial schools are better in practice than the local Catholic professions about belief in integration. The local Public Schools in my opinion sound much better than they are in fact.

(*Rev.*) HENRY J. BROWNE

BOOKS

Ireland: Wretched, Rebellious and Dependent on the Potato

The Great Hunger. By Cecil Woodham-Smith. Harper & Row. $6.95.

by Lawrence T. King

IN 1844, the British government received a report from its ambassador in Washington of a strange, new disease which had attacked the American potato crop. A year later, the "blight" was detected on the Isle of Wight—first evidence that the disease had crossed the Atlantic. Sir James Graham, the home secretary, received additional reports from the agricultural districts of England and from the Continent detailing a "fearful destruction" of the potato crop, which had become the staple diet of the European working class. In a message to the prime minister, Sir James warned that if the failure became general it would be a "great blow to the poor."

A failure would be serious indeed for England and the Continent, Mrs. Cecil Woodham-Smith writes in *The Great Hunger*—certainly the definitive work on the Irish potato famine—"but for Ireland, it would be disaster, and Ireland loomed in every mind, wretched, rebellious and utterly dependent on the potato."

The first reports from Ireland of crop failures were received with skepticism by British officials who regarded Ireland as an alien land despite the fact that forty-five years had passed since the Act of Union forcibly made the island part of the

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United Kingdom. As reports of suffering and death mounted, however, the British government was forced to act. A number of relief programs for the alleviation of distress were initiated, but they all proved to be either inadequate or ineffectual.

"I shall never forget," wrote a British Coast Guard officer on a relief mission, "the change in one week in August. On the first occasion, on a visit of inspection, I had passed over thirty-two miles thickly studded with potato fields in full bloom. The next time the face of the whole country was changed, the stalks remained bright green, but the leaves were all scorched black. It was the work of a night."

Ireland endured the 1845 crop failure with a perseverance born of generations of oppression and deprivation, sustained by its hope of a bumper crop the next year. Thousands of families had been evicted because the blight forced them to spend their rent and tax money, untold others had been forced to sell all their possessions, including bedding and the clothing off their backs, and millions of others had subsisted on a diet of unground relief corn—for those fortunate enough to get it—and wild cabbage leaves and roots.

Then came additional crop failures —in 1846, 1847 and 1848. Scarcely a potato field in the whole of Ireland was spared. "From the Giants Causeway to Cape Clear, from Limerick to Dublin, not a green field is to be seen. Violent rainstorms occurred interspersed with heavy, clammy fog. The winters were among the worst in Irish history with deep snow for weeks at a time. Over it all hovered the specters of the plague—scurvy, cholera, dysentery and typhus—which soon descended in all their fearfulness."

Mrs. Woodham-Smith bears out the claim once made by Hilaire Belloc that Irish emigration was the most important political fact of the nineteenth century. Before the famine, the number who left Ireland was relatively small. No matter how black things were, the Irishman was bound to his native hills and fields and villages by a stubborn loyalty and by a strong belief in the ultimate triumph of right and justice.

The famine killed that belief and stirred the vast exodus to the United States and Canada, involving more than a million persons between 1846 and 1851. During the same period, the author estimates, about another million and a half died of hunger or diseases brought about by hunger. In short, the famine had reduced the population of Ireland by almost a third, a national tragedy with few parallels in mankind's history. From that time on, human beings became Ireland's greatest export.

Many of those who managed to obtain passage abroad did so on ships that were small, unseaworthy, poorly equipped and provisioned, unsanitary and manned by crews—with little knowledge of seamanship —who were pressed into service by shipowners anxious to reap profits from this new traffic in human cargo. Many vessels never reached their destination, and those that did exacted a fearful toll. In the year 1847 alone it is estimated that 17,000 emigrants perished at sea, 20,000 died in Canada soon after arrival, and untold thousands succumbed later in fever hospitals and in the slums of Montreal, Boston and New York.

Few of the emigrants found success or prosperity in their new homes. The burden of the famine—and the centuries of deprivation which preceded it—was too heavy to be lifted from their shoulders in one generation. Everywhere they were regarded with aversion and contempt.

The British government's treatment of the Irish during the famine years has been described as genocide —a deliberate campaign to exterminate them because of their refusal to accept the Act of Union. Mrs. Woodham-Smith does not share this view, but she does not let off lightly the men who held power in Whitehall. They cannot escape, she says, the charges of parsimony, callousness, shortsightedness and ignorance—"they knew more about far-off India than they did about next-door Ireland." She also feels that their policy of political expediency, at the expense of duty and morality, ended any hope that might have existed of achieving a peaceful fusion of the two islands.

Moreover, Irish emigrants carried with them to the four corners of the earth a hatred of Britain. Their motto became, "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity."

Much of the obtuseness of the British politicians of the time, Mrs. Woodham-Smith maintains, sprang from the fact that they allowed themselves to become entangled in the economic straitjacket of *laissez-faire*. "Adherence to *laissez-faire* was carried to such a length that in the midst of one of the major famines of history, the government was perpetually nervous of being too good to Ireland and of corrupting the Irish people by kindness, and so stifling the virtues of self-reliance and industry. . . ."

God alone knows the number of crimes committed against humanity in the name of "free enterprise." In *The Great Hunger*, Mrs. Woodham-Smith details some of them. The recital should be required reading for the descendants of those who survived those fateful years.

The author's interest in the "Irish question" was enkindled by her earlier and highly successful history of the Crimean campaign, *The Reason Why*. In tracing the careers of the Irish officers and troops who took part in that military debacle, she could not escape the bigger story of "the famine." Nine years of research went into *The Great Hunger*. The result is a historical work of major importance, an indispensable chart in exploring the many facets of the Irish character.

Shaw and Lawrence

Private Shaw and Public Shaw. By Stanley Weintraub. Braziller. $5.

by Gerald Weales

ALTHOUGH there is a brief epilogue, Stanley Weintraub really ends his book about the friendship of T. E. Lawrence and Bernard Shaw with a quotation from the preface to *The Six of Calais*: "Life as we see it is so haphazard that it is only by picking out its key situations and arranging them in their significant order (which is never how they actually occur) that it can be made intel-

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ligible." The implication is that the line, written shortly after Lawrence's death, is a product of Shaw's reaction to that event. An inescapable further implication is that Weintraub, as biographer-interpreter, has taken Shaw's comment as method and made intelligible a friendship, important to Lawrence and to both Bernard and Charlotte Shaw, which until now has had only glancing attention from Shaw biographers. For reasons probably inherent in the subject itself, the book does not quite succeed.

Weintraub has a reasonable theory about the relationship. The childless Shaws, in their sixties when they first met Lawrence, had recently been disengaged from Granville Barker by his marriage to a woman who disliked both Shaw and the theater, and so were in search of a new surrogate son. Fatherless Lawrence, whose mother seemed always to be sailing up and down the Yangtze River, was in need of parents. Ergo. There is plenty of evidence, in and out of Weintraub's book, that the Shaws had a habit of collecting young people and that Charlotte liked to play the mother, especially to her husband; but although it is obvious that Lawrence was fond of the Shaws and comfortable with them, there is really no very convincing evidence—except for a running joke about his choosing the name Shaw for his second enlistment as an ordinary soldier—that he thought of them as parents.

Whether the three of them were simply friends or were playing at parents and son, openly or unconsciously, a biographer who tries to describe the relationship faces obvious difficulties. The "key situations" in their friendship must have come in their moments of intimacy, shared at Ayot St. Lawrence or at the various Shaw homes in London, but these are precisely what Weintraub cannot give us. We see them instead in public—at Malvern, at Lady Astor's, at the Shaws' but with other guests who can remember the table conversation in memoirs. Or in their letters which are affectionate without being intimate—Shaw's sounding like Shaw to anyone he knew more than casually, Lawrence's sounding like Lawrence to his friends, softened a little out of respect. To explain the recorded moments of contact between Lawrence and the Shaws, Weintraub has necessarily to give a great deal of information about the professional and personal preoccupations of the three of them. The result is that they sound like extremely busy people who touched only tangentially.

Two images rise out of the pages: Lawrence on his motorcycle racing endlessly to or from the Shaws; an avuncular Shaw, hunched over his writing at Ayot or on shipboard (during the years of the friendship, 1922-1935, Charlotte often had him off on cruises), lifting his head long enough to do something for his young friend Lawrence (he was always trying to get Lawrence on the Civil List), often something the young friend did not want done.

This friendship would have been important only to those involved in it, if it had not had literary consequences. These Weintraub can treat at length. He indicates how much Shaw had to do with the final revi-

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sion of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. He not only convinced Lawrence that his heavily subjective first chapter should be dropped (it was later printed in *Oriental Assembly* and is reprinted in this book), but he went over the manuscript meticulously, suggesting stylistic changes. The before-and-after comparison that Weintraub offers in *Private Shaw* shows the extent of the changes between the original and the published edition, but it cannot, unfortunately, show exactly how much Shaw dictated those changes to Lawrence. The list of suggestions that Lawrence sent to Shaw for *Too True to Be Good*, in which Private Meek is based on Lawrence, can show much more clearly the effect of a literary helping hand; Lawrence's comments were mostly practical suggestions for making the army of *Too True* conform in small details to the army in fact.

If *Private Shaw and Public Shaw* is not quite the portrait of a friendship one hoped it would be, it is certainly a gathering of information and documentation that anyone interested in either Shaw or Lawrence will want to read.

Philosophy Today

Three Paths in Philosophy. By James Collins. Regnery. $7.50.

by John Boler

MANY OF US, I fear, find the proliferation of learning to be a suffocating avalanche rather than a foundation for advance; and for us, at least, the work of James Collins takes on near-heroic proportions. His annual compilations (for *Cross Currents* and the *Great Ideas* program) are really embarrassing; and his books and articles show an annoying command of both sources and commentaries. It is getting beyond the point where one can take much solace in saying that Professor Collins' work is "just history."

In this latest book, he brings together a number of previously published articles under the theme of "three of the main pathways of contemporary philosophical thinking . . . existentialism, naturalism, and theistic realism." Few will have read many of the articles, and even those who have will be happy to find them grouped together in this way. Roughly, the articles are of two kinds. Four of them are "practical" in outlook, dealing with special problems in the study and teaching of philosophy by Catholics. The preoccupation here is with the philosophy of St. Thomas, but I know of no better place to find an honest and constructive criticism of the philosophical training given in a large number of American Catholic colleges. Moreover, the article on "Leo XIII and the Philosophical Approach to Modernity" is one of the finest I have read and should be of value for any Catholic engaged in intellectual pursuits.

The bulk of the articles (there are fifteen in all) are studies of individuals or themes in contemporary thought. There is, for example, a penetrating account of some recent discussion among English philosophers on the status of religious discourse; and there are two suggestive articles on the themes of art and religion in existentialism. Separate articles are devoted to Husserl, Jaspers, Kierkegaard, Edith Stein, Scheler, Darwin, Dewey and Marx. Perhaps it is enough to say (trite as it is) that these studies meet the high standards of exposition and criticism that we have come to expect from Professor Collins. I would expect they will receive about the same reaction as his earlier work along these lines: various "in-groups" will complain of the approach "from the outside" and claim that he fails to grasp the "heart" of the positions; and various "out-groups" will welcome the straightforward and intelligible presentations but object to this or that criticism which Collins proposes. However, Collins is never superficial or slipshod and while I would quibble with him on a point or two, there is no profit in doing it outside the context of a detailed study. Perhaps two personal reactions may provide some background that will be of service to an otherwise unsuspecting reader.

The essay on "Husserl and the Bond of Natural Being" is placed under "Theistic Realism," and for

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rather special reasons may be the most important article of all. By far the largest number of American Catholics (both lay and clerical) who study philosophy do so in Catholic colleges (or seminaries); but many are doing graduate or post-graduate work in other institutions. Of these again, the majority go to Europe (rather than to American or English secular universities) and there is every indication that these men are going to become increasingly influential in Catholic philosophy in this country. My own experience —limited, but I think typical—is that they return convinced of the importance of Edmund Husserl. The influence of Louvain is obvious here, but informed opinion (both Catholic and non-Catholic, Continental and American) is that Husserl is the seminal and most significant philosopher in the phenomenology movement which promises to become even more important than it already is. What Collins attempts is a critical "reorienting of Husserl's theory about man and the realm of objectivity." It is worth noting.

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My other comment is even more general: what kind of book is this? Collins' *History of Modern Philosophy* is most often used as a textbook; it is also an exceptionally good reference work. His *God in Modern Philosophy* is what I would call a research study: a scholarly—which does not preclude its being insightful —work which I think Collins himself sees as a sort of prolegomena to any future theistic philosophy.

The present book is somewhat different. In general, it would be unfortunate if anyone saw these essays as a *substitute* for reading the men whom Collins discusses; these are studies not expositions. For the non-professional reader, the value of the book is most likely its function as a "history of ideas"; and it does serve that purpose. But it is also—perhaps primarily—very much a philosophical effort in its own right. Collins is not trying to sort out and classify, or even to trace the growth of philosophical ideas in a descriptive way. Pluralism is as evident, dangerous and valuable in contemporary philosophy as in everything else. In short, Collins is coming to grips with the ever-present *philosophical* problem of the diversity of opinion and the growth of philosophical insight.

It is worth mentioning that the general scheme of "three paths" might imply that more is being done than Collins claims to. And then one could complain that many elements of the general "scholastic" tradition are conspicuously absent: not only the non-Thomists, but the study of logic and methodology for which the much-maligned Dominicans are battling. For my own part, I think the "analytic" movement in contemporary Anglo-American thought is given rather short shrift. But the man cannot do *everything*, at least in one book.

REVIEWERS

Lawrence T. King, a frequent contributor, is a newspaperman in California.

Gerald Weales is the author of *American Drama Since World War II* (Harcourt, Brace & World).

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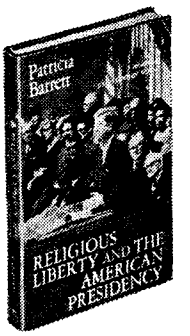

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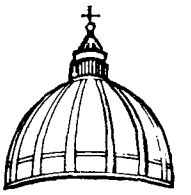

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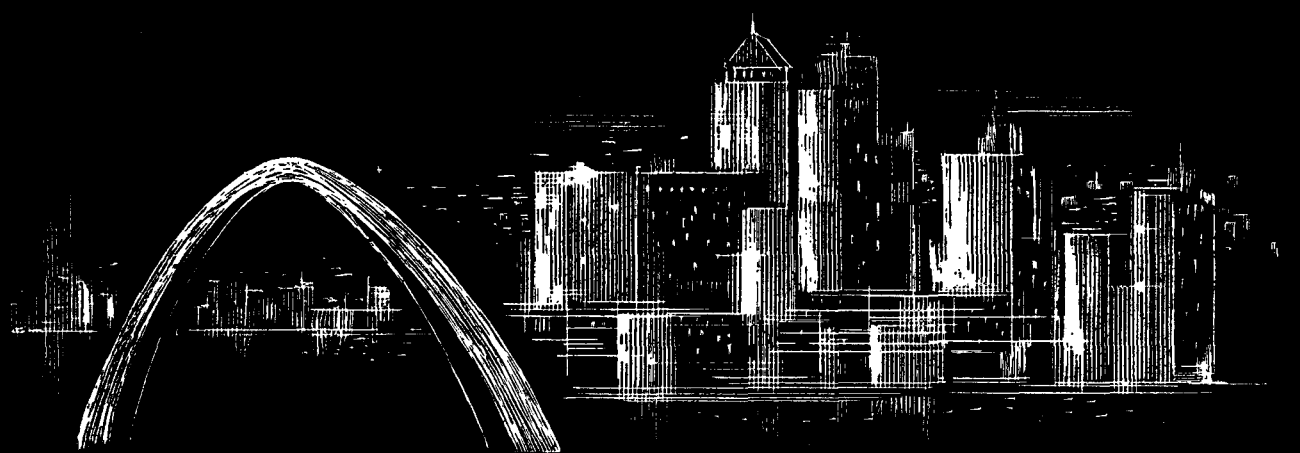

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